Luella put Enrico to bed. When she had done so he flung his arms round her neck. " 'Rico . . like . . beeg beds . . like beeg . . sheeps!" he said. She hugged him and thought again she could not bear to send him back to Italy not knowing what would happen to him in the future.

She chose one of her prettiest evening-gowns for dinner. She told herself as she did so that it was unlikely that the Duke would notice what she was wearing. But at least it would be in keeping with the luxury and beauty of the house. Everywhere she looked she saw treasures which delighted her. She wished that her father and mother could see them too.

When she went downstairs it was to find the Duke alone in the drawing-room. He was looking very smart and extremely impressive in his evening clothes. He smiled at her as she came across the room towards him